

Holy Week

A great man enters a great city. There is nothing unusual about this, but ask yourself the question "For what reason does he come?" and thereby you uncover the importance of the man's visit.

On Palm Sunday Jesus entered Jerusalem. And for what reason? The cry of those who accompanied him gives us the answer—"Blessed be the King who comes in the name of the Lord!" The King had come to be enthroned over his people and nation.

And a day of coronation is usually a day of joy and gladness, of shouting and triumph. But though a few people gladly welcomed Jesus, most passed by, idly indifferent. In fact, nobody paid much attention, for apparently Jesus had no startling coup d'etat planned, nor did he present any speeches or proclamations. If he came to rule, he surely was a new kind of king proposing to rule over another kind of kingdom.

The fact of the matter is that Jesus was authorized by God the Father to reign over the lives and affairs of men, but Jerusalem did not perceive this. So Palm Sunday is not only a day of joy, but also becomes a day of infinite sadness—the deep sadness of something wonderful refused, of a King unrecognized, and of love rejected.

